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## AN UNSPOKEN ADDRESS TO THE LOYAL LEGION.

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The following paper was prepared to be read at the meeting of the Loyal Legion at Cincinnati, Feb. 10 inst., a meeting of soldiers, to pass upon the points at issue, but the sudden and totally unexpected death of General W. S. Hancock the evening previous changed the whole character of the proceedings, and I now agree to its publication unabridged in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

W. T. SHERMAN, *General.*

NEW YORK, *Feb.* 12, 1886.

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*To my Comrades and Friends :*

WHILST I seek retirement and peace, the newspapers take great liberties with me as with everybody else. They have published that my family will soon leave St. Louis because we are discontented, each paper assigning its own separate reason. There is no secret about it ; all my family connections, and all who have a right to be consulted, understand the case perfectly. Ever since the failure of the Harrison Wire Company, at St. Louis, which involved my son-in-law, Captain Fitch, and which has resulted in the removal of his family to Pittsburg, we have been disturbed. Three of my children and seven grandchildren are now away from home, and there remain to us only three. Of these the youngest son, nineteen years old, on whom the family must soon depend, will graduate at St. Louis University, in June, 1886, wants to go to Yale College, and I want him to receive the best possible education. His going to New Haven in September will probably result in the few of us left going to New York, to be near him. I shall, however, retain all the property I possess in St. Louis (not much, to be sure), but all that I have to leave the family when I am laid in Bellefontaine Cemetery. I am perfectly

content with my neighbors and friends of St. Louis, to whom I am very much attached, and who have done all they possibly can to make our stay with them agreeable.

The Fry matter is equally simple when viewed aright. Last summer after General Grant's funeral, which I attended, while traveling between New York, St. Louis, Minnetonka and Chicago, I was collecting materials for the tribute of respect I as President was requested to make to the memory of General Grant, our First Commander, before the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at our meeting at Chicago of September 9-10. That address was universally noted, copied in all the journals of the day, and was the *result* of that correspondence. The special quotation of General Fry in the December, 1885, number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was not made from that public address, but from one of two *private* letters of inquiry addressed to Colonel Robert N. Scott, who had been on General Halleck's staff, and is now in charge of the War Records at Washington, of whom all army officers make frequent inquiries for scraps of information. Colonel Scott is a personal friend whom I have known since boyhood, and his father before him, in San Francisco, and I wrote to him with the same confidence I would to my own brother about family matters. I keep no copies of such letters, and write mine hastily, *carelessly*, and it was only January 29, 1886, two months after, that I obtained from Colonel Scott a copy of the correspondence, from which Fry had made his detached quotation. This correspondence presents the whole story better than I can state it anew. As soon as General Fry's article appeared, General Grant's friends called my attention to it, and my letter-book or memory retaining no expression of opinion so positive as that used, I naturally requested the Editor to ascertain from General Fry the source of his quotation, that I might explain or ascertain who had revealed my private letters. General Fry's answer was evasive, calling on General Sherman to deny the words, and the "sentiment" before he would substantiate his statement. I again called on him, and appealed to the War Department, all without success, generally explaining to correspondents that I thought it impossible I could have used that particular form of expression, and believed General Fry had a malicious motive. I received, too late, a notice by a roundabout way from a gentleman of Cincinnati that Fry was cunningly laying a trap to catch me, and it was not until January 29, 1886, that Colonel

Scott himself first revealed to me the actual source of this mischievous paragraph. Detached and used as a text for a sermon it was as clear a *forgery* as was ever perpetrated. Taking my letter to Colonel Scott in its integrity, though manifestly never meant for publication, I contend it is eminently consistent with my constant friendship for General Grant from Shiloh to the day we deposited his remains in the tomb at Riverside. The date, September 6, 1885, is prior to the publication of Grant's "Memoirs" in which on page 385 he positively records that his position at Corinth, June, 1862, had become "so unbearable" that he had resolved to go to the rear, and was dissuaded by General Sherman—or, quoting his own words: "I then obtained permission to leave the department, but General Sherman happened to call on me as I was about starting and urged me so strongly not to think of going that I concluded to remain.

General Sherman in his "Memoirs," 1875, states the same fact with the further addition that he learned of General Grant's purpose to go back to St. Louis from General Halleck himself, and rode to General Grant's camp for the very purpose of dissuading him from committing this fatal mistake.

Now, it is a matter of notoriety that from February to July, 1862, General Grant was under a cloud, hounded by the newspapers, and by a clique of officers of whom Fry was one, until, as he himself says, his position became "unbearable." And, during all that time, General Sherman was his steadfast friend, and discovered in him those pure, unselfish, manly qualities which afterward yielded such precious fruits to our country and mankind. Can it then be wondered at, after twenty-four years, that General Sherman should be a little surprised that the habitual libeller of General Grant (see his published volume 1884, "The Army under Buell"), should attempt to assume the character of Grant's panegyrist at his expense?

There is not a member of the Supreme Court, of Congress, or any lawyer who will consent to the publication of his manuscript without the privilege of revising the "proof;" and, moreover, Provost-Marshal General Fry knows that in the trial by court-martial of the humblest private soldier the testimony of each witness is subject to "revision" before becoming a part of the Record. Yet he obtains from a confiding friend, a private letter, publishes it to the world, *garbled*, and makes it a text for a sermon to General

Sherman, and when politely asked for the source of his quotation he answers coolly, "Better let the case rest where it is." If he thinks he has achieved a cheap newspaper victory over General Sherman he is welcome. The man who got off with my overcoat may keep it, for I have bought a new one.

Now, my friends, I want to direct your attention to all there is in this case—"much ado about nothing." At the date of that letter, September 6th, there was to be a meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, at Chicago, September 9-10, 1885. General Sherman was at Lake Minnetonka, and being summoned by the family of General Grant at his death, July 23, 1885, went to Mount McGregor, and remained till his body was finally entombed, August 8, 1885. Compelled to travel from New York to St. Louis, to Lake Minnetonka, to Chicago, and St. Louis—back again to Chicago for the army meeting, he was forced to collect materials for his address "on the wing." That "Address" was the result of this correspondence, and it has been universally copied, and was in the hands of General Fry when he composed his paper for the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, of December, 1885. Utterly ignoring this public address, which was the conclusion I had reached from the correspondence and from personal knowledge, General Fry *segregates* a single paragraph from one of many private letters of inquiry of which he became possessed wrongfully, and now wants to prove to the world that General Sherman lied, actually resorting to police methods of reproducing photograph copies of a paragraph in a letter which he could well understand General Sherman had forgotten, and which in the aggregate was most eulogistic of General Grant.

Any lawyer or logician reading the whole of this correspondence—not the garbled extracts—will see that on the 6th of September, 1885, my mind was working out the antithesis to be used at Chicago only three days later, before my comrades and friends, all of them ardent friends of General Grant, to contrast the Grant of Donelson, February, 1862, and the Grant of Appomattox and dead hero of 1885, an interval of twenty-three long eventful years.

As to General Halleck, I had in him the most unbounded confidence in 1862. He was the best-informed scholar of the military art in America, McClellan not excepted. I knew him familiarly at West Point for three years; sailed with him around Cape Horn in 1846 on board the "Lexington;" was associated with him in Cali-

fornia for the four years of the Mexican War, and knew him for another six years when he was a member of the eminent law firm of Halleck, Peachy, Billings & Park. But war is a terrible test. Halleck did not stand this test, whereas General Grant did. Halleck was a theoretical soldier. Grant was a practical soldier.

In February, 1862, General Halleck's fame and power were transcendant and that of Grant hardly recognized, whereas, in 1864, Halleck had dwindled into a mere Chief of Staff, and General Grant had earned such renown that he was enabled to dictate his own terms to the President and Secretary of War.

We are now told that the road to fame and public favor in America is strewn with the carcasses of men who "wrote letters." This is true—and it is equally true that you cannot pick up a handful of soil which does not contain some part of what was once a human being, full of the life and hope, and fear, which we all feel; the very bread on our tables contains the phosphate which once was part of the embodiment of an immortal soul. Nevertheless, must we in our short sojourn on earth deny ourselves the happiness and pleasure of social intercourse and correspondence? Why is the Post Office the most popular of our Government establishments? Must we abstain from all communication with family and friends because some one may imprudently or maliciously reveal our secret thoughts? Even among the twelve Disciples one proved false, whilst the eleven remained true, and spread the Gospel of Peace to all the world. Does the enlightened Press of America aim that no honorable man can serve the Government? Is this to be the result of our Free Government? These are questions which we can leave to our successors in the "next war."

I remember only too well that in the last war, in the midst of gloom and tribulation, I derived from the Public Press but little encouragement—but from such men as S. S. L. L'Hommedieu, Charles Anderson, Silas F. Miller of Cincinnati, James E. Yeatman, the Reverend W. G. Eliot and Henry Turner of St. Louis, my heart was warmed, and my arm strengthened in the good cause for which we fought. Therefore am I willing to be adjudged imprudent by confiding in personal friends rather than to the public press, which must more or less trim its sails to the surface breezes.

Now, I give the whole correspondence, without abridgement, and I invite special attention to the letter of September 6, 1885, from which General Fry made his extract :

[COPY.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., *January 26, 1886.*GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN, *U. S. Army, St. Louis, Mo. :*

DEAR GENERAL : You and I have made a "mess of it"—you by writing a letter to me of great historic interest and forgetting it, and I by using the letter for the information of some of my friends.

On the 30th of August last you wrote to me for certain information, to be used in a speech, about Allen, Halleck, and Grant; I replied September 4th calling your attention to Record evidence on the subject and commenting upon it. On September 6th you rejoined, writing among other things as follows :

"Now as to Halleck and Grant. I had the highest possible opinion of Halleck's knowledge and power, and never blamed him for mistrusting Grant's ability. Had C. F. Smith lived Grant would have disappeared to history after Donelson. Smith was a strong, nervous, vigorous man when I reported to him in person at Fort Henry."

I sent both your letters to my friend, General Fry, who is deeply interested in the history of Grant and Halleck, is very friendly to both, and who had, as I knew, investigated the very question you have asked. Fry was struck by your Grant-Smith conjecture, and desired it to illustrate one of the points in his "Acquaintance with Grant." As that conjecture was neither esoteric nor hurtful, I without hesitation assented to such use of it, little dreaming it was a package of unlabeled dynamite.

Since the publication of your Morrison letter, Fry feels it incumbent upon him to prove that he has not misquoted you; I recognize that necessity, but desire that his vindication be accomplished at a minimum of annoyance to you.

I enclose copies of your letters of August 30, September 6, 1885, of my letter of September 4, 1885, and of Fry's letter to me of 24th instant.

Yours sincerely,

ROBERT N. SCOTT.

[COPY.]

CHICAGO, ILL., *September [August], 30, 1885.*

DEAR SCOTT : I am here *en route* for Mansfield, Ohio, where we have a family reunion. Thence I go to St. Louis, preparatory to coming again to Chicago for the annual meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, September 9-10,

At that meeting I will be compelled to speak somewhat of General Grant, but will try to limit myself to his connection with the Army of the Tennessee, of which he was the first commander. I am somewhat familiar with the early events of 1862, but there is one point of which you must have personal knowledge. When General Halleck reached Corinth he was compelled, by superior orders from Washington, to send the Army of the Cumberland, General Buell,

back toward Chattanooga, and the remaining forces were distributed defensively along the Charleston and Memphis Railroad from Corinth to Memphis, Grant being assigned to the "District of Memphis." Then when Halleck was himself ordered to Washington he cast about for his own successor, and fixed on General Robert Allen, Chief Quartermaster at St. Louis, and offered him the command. I knew of this fact at the time from Halleck himself, also from Allen, and that Allen declined.

Have you any personal knowledge on this point? or in Halleck's letter-books or telegrams, do you find the specific orders or inquiries? Allen is still living in London, but is too far away for me to ask him. Can you fortify my memory in this particular? I will be at 912 Garrison Avenue, St. Louis, from Saturday September 5th to Tuesday September 8th, and will be personally obliged if you will answer.

With great respect, as always your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.

[COPY.]

WASHINGTON, *September 4, 1885.*

GENERAL SHERMAN, U. S. A., ST. LOUIS, MO.

MY DEAR GENERAL: Your letter of 30th ultimo has been received. By slip you dated it *September 30.*

Grant's geographical command from February 17 to October 16, 1862, was the "District of West Tennessee," but as early as April 21st of that year he began in orders, etc., to style his mobilized force the "Army of the Tennessee." See "Official Rebellion Records," Vol. X, Part 2d, pages 116, 144, 154, and specially note, Part 4th of the order on page 144. Also see Halleck to Grant, May 12th, on page 182, *ibid.*

On June 10, 1862, Grant, Buell, and Pope were ordered to resume command of their respective "Separate Army Corps," viz., the armies of the Tennessee, the Ohio, and the Mississippi. See "R. R." Vol. X, Part 2d, page 288.

Memphis was formally embraced in Grant's command, June 12, 1862. He entered the city on the 23d of that month; but you were the first commander of the "District" of that name.

On July 11, 1862, Halleck was ordered to Washington. Immediately upon receipt of the President's order he telegraphed Grant to come to him at Corinth. See documents herewith, which are printed in Volume XVI (not yet indexed) of the "Rebellion Records."

Halleck left the West hoping to return. No successor to his command in the "Department of the Mississippi" was ever appointed. It simply fell apart when he left Corinth. Grant and Buell dividing so much of it as was East of the Mississippi.

Halleck was certainly very fond of Allen, and had a high opinion of his administrative ability, but from facts within my personal knowledge I have for twenty years at heart believed that Halleck never *seriously* thought of Allen as his own successor in the Department of the Mississippi. I know the



story as Badeau gives it, but I do not believe it. The only official light on the subject appears in the documents I send you.

It is a pleasure to me to give you all information in my power on any war topic of interest to you.

By the end of this year everything relating to the war to the end of 1863, will be in type or ready for the printers. The Chickamauga and Mine Run campaigns are now being arranged for him. I mention this because I am informed that the preface to new edition of your "Memoirs" finds fault with the progress I have made.

Very truly yours,

ROBERT N. SCOTT.

[COPY.]

(ENCLOSURE FROM SCOTT.)

912 GARRISON AVE., ST. LOUIS, MO., *Sept. 6, 1886.*

COL. R. N. SCOTT, WAR RECORDS, WASHINGTON D. C.

DEAR SCOTT: I thank you as always for your answer of September 4, and for the extracts which accompanied the letter. I don't believe you have a better friend than the undersigned in the world outside your family, and I loved and revered your father in California when you were a mischievous boy. But I do say the Government of the United States, President and Congress, have been guilty of the most cruel act of injustice of which history in the future will deal. This Government called to its military service in 1861-5 two millions of its best men, and shoved them by detachments against an organized rebellion. Newspaper correspondents, sutlers, stragglers, and refugees, wrote the contemporaneous history, whilst every man who went to fight, had a right to expect that the Government would protect his fair fame, as dear to him as life; and yet we are here in 1885, twenty years, and the Government history is still groping in the dull obscure facts of 1862. See Series 1, Vol. XII, Part 3d.

Now if one year of war takes twenty years to record, how much will four years take? Eighty years. I contend, and have contended with European officers of world-wide fame, that the military profession of America was not responsible for the loose preliminary operations of 1862, and that it was not till after both Gettysburg and Vicksburg that the war professionally began. Then our men had learned in the dearest school of earth the simple lesson of war. Then we had brigades, divisions and corps which could be handled professionally, and it was then that we as professional soldiers could rightfully be held to a just responsibility.

This is the point I shall endeavor to make in my Memoirs, but never reflecting on you personally or officially. I hold the Republican party responsible. Instead of appropriating \$5,000-\$25,000, etc., for the War Records, the annual appropriation should have been a million in 1863, two million in 1867 and after, so that by 1870 the work should have been done. The Germans were less than six years in their Official Records.

Now as to Halleck-Grant. I had the highest possible opinion of Halleck's knowledge and power, and never blamed him for mistrusting Grant's ability. Had C. F. Smith lived, Grant would have disappeared to history after Donelson. Smith was a strong, nervous, vigorous man when I reported to him in person at Fort Henry. I saw him again and again at Savannah, on his steamboat the "Tigress," I believe. He threatened to arrest me if I did not prevent Colonel Tom Worthington coming to bore him. I saw him after he skinned his leg in stepping into a yawl-boat, and I believe as well as I believe that three years ago I lived in Washington, that General Smith reported to General Halleck, that by reason of this mere accident he could not mount a horse, and that was the real reason that General Grant, then left behind at Fort Henry, was ordered forward to Savannah, and Pittsburg Landing to resume his command. General Smith's Adjutant-General, T. J. Newsham, is still living over in Edwardsville, Illinois, and he insists that after the General's death he carefully prepared a full copy of letters and telegrams which were sent to Mrs. C. F. Smith. These will turn up.

The same or similar of the facts reported by Badeau on page 108, vol. I and I believe he possesses the letter of General Robert Allen, from which he quotes at length. I am certain that Halleck told me as much, and that Allen did also. Halleck and Grant are now dead, but Allen lives in London, has prepared much for publication, but his last letter to me within the year intimates he will *not* publish, but his MSS. will remain and the truth will come out. I believe the fact as firmly as I believe that Mr. Lincoln made his executive order of July 11, 1862, assigning General Halleck to "the command of all the land forces of the U. S. as general in chief."

I believe Mr. Lincoln was justified in this act by the then condition of affairs, and that he, Halleck, having no one willing and competent in his judgment to command the three armies of Buell, Pope, and Grant, made the best disposition he could of affairs at the West, and most properly obeyed the positive order of President Lincoln to go East.

Grant therefore was called back to Corinth by virtue of his commission, not by selection, and simply resumed command of all the troops left in the District of West Tennessee.

On the 23rd of June, 1862, I myself saw General Grant en route from Corinth to Memphis, 96 miles; had a long talk with him. He was *ordered* there and made the ride by land without escort other than his orderlies and clerks. He was *ordered* back to Corinth, July 11, by way of Columbus because Halleck was ordered to Washington, the motive for which was the condition of affairs with McClellan in Virginia.

From the 21st of February, 1862, till July 11, 1862—five long, bitter months—Grant was under a cloud, but these tested and strengthened the qualities which were in him and which produced such fruits.

I don't blame Mr. Lincoln or Halleck, Buell or any body, but I do believe we now after twenty years should know more of the exact truth than we seem to possess.

With great respect, your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.

[COPY.]

912 GARRISON AVENUE, ST. LOUIS, MO., *Jan.* 12, 1886.

GEO. MORRISON, Esq., No 287 N. CAROLINE ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

*Dear Sir* : I have received your letter of the 7th with newspaper slip inclosed, also the postal card of the 8th. Of course I have read carefully the first volume of General Grant's "Memoirs," and regard it as admirable in every sense, and now await the second volume, which I doubt not will be equally valuable and interesting. From the day I reported to him from Paducah till his death our relations were as brothers rather than as commander and commanded, and it is utterly impossible that I could have written or spoken the words as quoted by General Fry in the December number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. I am convinced General Grant never authorized General Fry to speak for him, and I know that I never authorized him to speak for me. I have endeavored through the Editor of the REVIEW to have General Fry say where he obtained his quotation, thus far without success. I have a very large correspondence, and converse freely with thousands of people, and, as is natural, we often speculate what *might have been* had General Grant gone to the rear, and C. F. Smith fought the battle of Shiloh—what *might have been* had Washington accepted his warrant in the English Navy, etc., but that I could have written the positive statement that "had C. F. Smith lived General Grant *would* have disappeared from history" is an impossibility.

Personally I want to live in peace, to avoid all controversy, but am confident in good time we shall learn on what authority or hearsay General Fry based his publication. I enclose with this a slip containing my last public utterance about General Grant, when I announced his death to his old comrades of the Army of the Tennessee.

I don't believe any man, living or dead, has borne more willing testimony to General Grant's great qualities, especially as demonstrated at Henry, Donelson, Shiloh and Vicksburg than myself, and it is rather late in the day for General Fry to assume the office of panegyrist at my expense.

Yours truly,

W. T. SHERMAN.

[COPY.]

30 EAST 63D STREET, N. Y. CITY, *January* 24, 1886.

COL. R. N. SCOTT.

*My dear Colonel* : You have no doubt seen the letter from General Sherman to the Rev. George Morrison, which appeared recently in the daily papers, and is republished in the "Army and Navy Register" of the 23d inst., just received. The Morrison letter is clearly intended as a denial of the statement made by me in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW concerning General Sherman. The "New York Times," heads the letter "*General Sherman refutes a slander*," and the public generally, so far as I can learn, consider that General Sherman has denied the statement made by me. After weighing the matter and consulting my friends, I am forced to the conclusion that I must make public proof that I quoted General Sherman correctly.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES B. FRY.

[COPY.]

912 GARRISON AVENUE, ST. LOUIS, MO., *January 29, 1886.*

COL. R. N. SCOTT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

*Dear Scott :* Your letter of the 26th with inclosures is received, and this is the first glimpse I have caught of the source of Fry's quotation in his article "Acquaintance with Grant" in the December number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. My letter to you of September 6, 1885, was purely private, and one from which General Fry had no right to quote without my consent ; but even after he had so quoted, if he had answered the editor's most courteous inquiry at my instance of December 5, I could in a paragraph have changed "would" to might, or have interlined "probably" to express more fully my meaning. You are at liberty to make either of these changes in that letter, and put on your official files.

What I take exception to, is, having Fry, who was never the confidant of General Grant or General Sherman, posing as the panegyrist of the former at the expense of the latter.

When in 1862-3 General Grant needed a friend, I was that friend, and it seems odd that now when General Grant needs no friend, General Fry should step in to claim the privilege.

Fry may do what he pleases, I will do the same.

Sincerely your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.

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THE following address by General W. T. Sherman (delivered as President of the Society), before the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, at Chicago, September 9, 1885, is published for the convenient reference of the reader.

W. T. S.

Though in war death makes the battle-field his harvest, yet in peace he insidiously invades the most sacred premises, taking here the innocent babe, there the gentle, loving wife, again the youth in lusty manhood and the King on his throne. During our last vacation he has stricken from our list of members the very head and front—General U. S. Grant, the same who, in the cold winter of 1861-62, gathered together at Cairo, Ill., the fragments of an army and led them up the Tennessee River. The creator and father of the Army of the Tennessee took his final leave of earth at 8:30 on the morning of July 23, 1885, from Mount McGregor, a spur of the Alleghanies, in plain view of the historic battle-field of Saratoga. He had finished his life's work and had bequeathed to the world his example. The lightning's flash carried the sad tidings to all parts of the civilized earth, and I doubt whether, since the beginning, there ever arose so spontaneous a wail of grief to bear testimony before High Heaven that mankind had lost a kindred spirit and his countrymen a leader. We, his first war comrades, concede to the family their superior rights, but claim the next place in the grand procession of mourners.

We were with him in his days of adversity as well as prosperity, and were as true to him as the needle to the pole. We shared with him the trials and tribulations, as well as the labors and battles of Henry, Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Iuka, and Vicksburg, when that transcendent and most valuable of all victories turned the universal gaze of our bewildered countrymen to the new star in the West, which plainly foretold the man who had dispelled the cloud which "lowered o'er our house," and was to lead us to the triumphant victories of 1865 and to the stable, enduring prosperity of 1885.

In the year 1839 I was a first-class man in the United States Military Academy at West Point, a position of exaltation never reached since, though reasonably successful in life, and there appeared on the walls of the hall in "Old North Barrack" a list of new cadets, among which was "U. S. Grant." A crowd of lookers-on read "United States Grant," "Uncle Sam Grant," "Sam Grant," and Sam Grant he is to-day in the traditions of the old 4th U. S. Infantry. It afterward transpired that his name was actually Ulysses Hiram Grant, and the mistake had been made by General Hamer, the member of Congress who nominated him as the cadet from his district. Cadet Grant tried to correct this mistake at the beginning and end of his cadet life without success, and to history his name must ever be U. S. Grant. I remember his personal appearance at the time, but the gulf of separation between a first-class man and a "plebe" at West Point was and still is deeper and wider than between the General-in-Chief and a private soldier in the army, so that I hardly noticed him. His reputation in the 4th Infantry, in which he served through the Mexican war and until he resigned his commission of captain in Oregon, July 31, 1854, was of a good, willing officer, always ready for duty, extremely social and friendly with his fellows, but in no sense conspicuous, brilliant, or manifesting the wonderful qualities afterward developed in him.

I met him again when the civil war had broken out—when chaos seemed let loose and the gates of hell wide open in every direction. Then came the news of General Grant's attack on the enemy's camp at Belmont on November 7, 1861, soon followed by the events of Columbus, Paducah, Henry and Donelson—all so simple, so direct, so comprehensible, that their effect on my mind was magical. They raised the dark curtain which before had almost hidden out all hope for the future, and displayed the policy and course of action necessary only to be followed with persistence to achieve ultimate success. I found General Grant at Fort Henry, under orders from General Halleck to remain there and to turn over the command of his army, then flushed with victory under his immediate leadership, to General C. F. Smith, his next in rank. It so happened that General Smith had been Adjutant and Commandant when Grant and I were cadets at West Point, and he was universally esteemed as the model soldier of his day. He had also acquired large fame in the Utah expedition and in the then recent capture of Fort Donelson, so that General Grant actually looked up to him as the older if not the better soldier, though he was at that time the senior by commission. Not one word of complaint came from him, only a general expression of regret that he had been wrongly and unjustly represented to General Halleck, and he advised to give to Gen-

eral Smith my most loyal support. General Smith conducted the expedition up the Tennessee River to Savannah, Eastport and Pittsburg Landing, gave all the orders and instructions up to within a few days of the battle of Shiloh, when his health, shattered by the merest accident, compelled him to relinquish the command again to General Grant, who quietly resumed it where Smith had left off, "accepted the situation," made few or no changes, and fought on the ground which had been selected by General Smith the bloody battle of Shiloh. During this fiercely contested battle he displayed the coolness, the personal courage, forethought and deliberation which afterward made him famous among men; yet was he traduced, slandered and wronged, not only by the press universally, but by those who were in positions of authority over him.

Others have told the whole story of the war, and still others are repeating and elaborating. Even he himself, almost in his dying hours, was engaged in recording his experience, and we all await the publishing with profound interest. I have seen some of the manuscript and have been told the rest, but prefer to await the whole publication, certain that what he has recorded of his own knowledge will stand the test of time, and I am sure that he himself will have recognized the truth and will have recorded the fact that his campaigns from Belmont to Vicksburg were the most valuable of his whole life. In that brief period he discovered the power that was in him—that he, in fact, impersonated the great mass of our best people, who abhorred war and only resorted to it when national honor and safety demanded it.

He knew little and cared less about "Strategy," and I doubt if he ever read "Jonini," "Grotius," or any books on the art and laws of war, except the West Point text-books. So with "Tactics." He never—so far as I can recall—expressed a preference for Hardee over Scott, Casey or Morris. Still, he loved to see order and system, and wanted his corps, divisions, brigades and regiments handy and well instructed when called for. He aimed to achieve results, caring little for the manner by which they were accomplished. He possessed and always asserted the most perfect faith in the justice of our cause, and always claimed that sooner or later it must prevail, because the interest of all mankind demanded the existence of just such a Republic as we had inherited, and that as by the concurrence of political causes the conflict had fallen upon us we had only to meet it like brave men and conquer as a matter of course.

The newspapers of the day have been so full of all the details of the funeral that it were superfluous for me to say more than it was one of the most complete tributes of the living to the dead which this country has ever witnessed. Beginning at Mount McGregor on the morning of Tuesday, August 4, it continued without interruption till six o'clock P.M. of Saturday, August 8, 1885, to the spot selected by his son, approved by his entire family, and accepted by all who had a right to be consulted. This spot is "on the banks of the Hudson," at the upper end of Riverside Park—not a park in the sense of a pleasure ground, but a hill as yet in the rough and susceptible of infinite embellishment, which will remain as firm as the granite rocks on which it stands till the earth shall give up its dead and time shall be no more. If

the spirits of the dead have the privilege of contemplating their own tomb, then will General Grant be content, for from the pedestal he can look upon the old Revolutionary forts—Lee and Washington—at his very feet, the beautiful Palisades just across the river, Tappan Zee and the Highlands above, the mighty city of New York, with its busy harbor below, and Long Island Sound across the peninsula. I am well aware that some of our comrades would have preferred Washington city as the burial-place of our dead General, but let us examine the facts and precedents.

President Washington is buried at Mount Vernon; Jefferson at Monticello; the Adamses, at Quincy; Jackson, at the Hermitage; Harrison, at North Bend; Polk, at Nashville; Taylor, at Louisville; Lincoln, at Springfield; Garfield, at Cleveland. And so also of the army: Scott is buried at West Point; Meade, at Philadelphia; Thomas, at Troy; McPherson at Clyde, whilst all of these, or nearly all, have statues or busts in the National Capital. So may it be with Grant. Each city, town and even hamlet may have whatever monument they are willing to erect, but it seems to me better that all should unite and build a strong, solid, simple monument, characteristic of the man, over his grave “on the banks of the Hudson,” and then, like Shakespeare, inscribe on it:

“Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear,  
To digg the dust enclosed heare,  
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones  
And curst be he yt moves my bones.”